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CHINESE GORDON.

WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE HAS DONE.

Many centuries ago it was said "a man is not without honor save in his own country," and seldom has the world seen the saying more strikingly verified. Here is a man, a Major General in the British army, a Chinese Mandarin of the highest order, an Egyptian Pasha; Governor General of the Soudan; a man who when little more than a boy distinguished himself in the Crimean War; who quelled the Taiping Rebellion in China, one of the greatest rebellions the world has ever seen, and saved the Empire when the Chinese themselves were powerless in the matter; who did, almost single-handed, what it was thought never could be done, destroyed the terrible slave trade in the Soudan; and yet when, about the beginning of the year, the British Government decided to send him again to the Soudan, as the only man they could find who would be at all likely to quell the troubles which had arisen since he was last there, the majority of people had never heard of him, and all were asking, Who is Gordon and what has he done?

But this is quite in accordance with the character of the man. He shuns popularity, and publicity he loathes. He "regards no feat of war as due to efforts of his own; no peril he surmounts as due to daring; no victory he wins as due to prowess or skill. Whatever his triumphs he holds them none of his, but the triumphs of a higher cause, whose instrument he is and whose flag he bears." God is his captain and his whole life is consecrated to His service. What he knows to be God's will he does, and whenever he succeeds he refuses to take any credit to himself, believing that he alone is nothing, but that it is God who works through him. Once on his return from China, where he won his name, he asked for some of his journals and papers which he had sent home some time before containing the whole account of his campaign there, and was told that a friend had asked for them to have them printed. Very indignant he at once rushed to his house and demanded their return, but was told that they were already in the hands of the publisher. Away he went to the publisher and insisted upon their being given up to him, ordered what was already in type to be broken up, and brought them all away with him, and it is feared that he destroyed them, for nothing has ever been seen of them since. The fascinating life of him by Mr. Egmont Hake is written not only without his consent but without his knowledge.

General Gordon is a soldier by inheritance as well as by education. For generations back his father's ancestors have been soldiers, and fierce ones at that, being "distinguished for their constitutional inability to know when they were beaten." There is an old Scotch couplet which asserts that

"The gule, the Gordon, and the hoodie craw
Are the three warst things that Scotland ever saw."

At the celebrated battle of Preston-Pans, in 1745, ancestors of his fought on both sides; and his grandfather fought at the siege of Louisburg, and with Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, and is buried in Halifax.

His mother's family were equally distinguished as merchants and ship owners. Her father, Samuel Enderby of Blackheath, owned the ships on which was the celebrated tea which was thrown into Boston harbor, which act put the match to the fire of the American Revolution. His whalers in their outward trips to their fishing grounds in the southern ocean carried the first convicts to Botany Bay and the first settlers to Australia and New Zealand, and were the first to fish in the waters of Japan. His ships, too, were the first to sail around Cape Horn and trade [illegible]

CHINESE GORDON.

[illegible] soldier, firm and humorous, generous and robust," intolerant of carelessness or neglect, and of strong individuality. His mother's character was equally remarkable. Through no matter what difficulties she was always cheerful, possessed a perfect temper, and was distinguished for her genius for making the best of everything.

Charles Gordon was born at Woolwich, on January 28th 1833. There is little known of his school life except that he had a boyish love for pitched battles, and delighted in tales of travel and wild adventure. From Taunton he went to the military school at Woolwich, and nothing is related of him there except a little burst of temper. He was told, for some reason not stated, that "he would never make an officer" and he tore the epaulets from his shoulders and threw them at his superior's feet.

In 1854 he was appointed an officer in the Royal Engineers and ordered to the Crimea, where the war was then raging; and while here, though a very young man, he became distinguished for his dauntless courage and the speed and accuracy with which he detected the movements of the enemy. Long afterwards Colonel C. C. Chesney wrote of him. "We used to send

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AUBURN
GALLION-QUE
1884

Temperance Department.

THE LIFE PROMISE.

BY MARY R. BALDWIN.

It was one of summer's most sultry days and in a little parlor, where a middle-aged lady sat with a young girl, the air seemed almost stifling. The two were engaged in an earnest conversation, and did not seem to notice the voice of a coming storm, in the deep, long sound of thunder.

"Oh! my child," the lady was saying "I fear for your future with him. A first intoxication is a long step in a downward way. I promised your mother that I would watch over you—promised her at the very last."

"And I have promised Henry that I would be true to him through everything. I must keep my promise," the girl answered, with glowing face.

"My poor child, you have not considered, I am sure, what the being true may require of you. There may be nights of watching for an unsteady step; there may be endurance of neglect, of injustice, of cruelty, even from this one you have promised to stand by through all. There may be hours when your soul will abhor the bond between you, moments when you pray to be released from it."

The young girl, leaning her head upon her hand, and looking out upon the earth, that seemed to wait sullenly for the bursting storm, turned and cried:

"Oh, a[illegible]e! you do not know Henry! you can [illegible] how noble and true he is. [illegible]wine-drinking is [illegible] become a [illegible]."

The storm broke the silence and [illegible] this earnest plea of the enthusiastic girl, who had promised to give her life into the keeping of the handsome, attractive young man, who, loving the sweet, trusting maiden, loved also his cups.

Aunt Esther said no more upon the subject to her niece. Through that afternoon's storm she gathered the timid girl to herself, and her soul had its deep, long agony, as it prefigured through the raging of the elements a storm that sooner or later, she felt, would burst upon her precious charge when there could be for her no longer an earthly protector.

To the gentle Alice, Aunt Esther had been a mother since the real mother had died. She loved the self-sacrificing auntie dearly, but she felt she worshipped Henry, and so when he asked her to leave this tried love for a new one, her heart promised more even than her voice.

She went forth at last with a man to whom she had promised to cleave until death, and Aunt Esther's prayers, as well at fears, followed. The letters that came from the young bride were full of joy and hopes and Aunt Esther was begining to feel that, her fears might have been groundless; when one day, after a baby had come to the young wife, she received a letter that caused her to renew her old forebodings.

But what could she do now? The time was past for warnings; the time had come when she must be the comforter. With letters full of love and hope, accompanied by parcels for the baby, she answered the pathetic letters of the wife over whom the storm had burst.

"Dear, dear child! if I could only take her to myself and shield her! But, Lord! who can shield a wife from a husband who is a drunkard?"

Thus the living soul agonized for the child who seemed lost to her as to happiness.

Months after, when the autumn was sighing itself to sleep, on one of its most lovely nights, Aunt Esther was startled by the appearance of Alice, with her child in her arms. "I have come, auntie, I can never go back!" a thrill of joy shot through the soul of the woman who had been so long bereaved of her precious charge. And the first thought—she has come to stay with me always—took possession of her senses.

She gathered the two to herself as she had once taken one to her heart. There was the long cry, the explanations of the young wife: "I can not go back—Henry has forgotten the old love; he is in love with liquor now! He does not seem to care for the baby, nor for me!"

"But you, my child, you promised to cleave to him through until death! That was an awful promise to make, but you made it child! You must keep it. If your husband had been afflicted with some terrible disease of the body, you would have clung to him. Now that his soul is diseased, is your duty any the less? If he has not kept his promise, you must keep yours?" Thus Aunt Esther's quick following thought of right, took the place of love's desires.

Aunt Esther took the two back to their home, the mother seeming almost as helpless as the baby. They found the husband and father about to start in quest of his wife and child; for he had been shocked into a sober, repentant mood.

Aunt Esther said to herself, "Nothing remains for me but to stay and help the poor stricken child to keep her prot[illegible]e."

From that moment she consecrated her desires and efforts to this one great purpose.

Day by day she gave lessons of trust, and patience, and hope, when there seemed no hope in the case.

The sweet, pathetic face of the wife, as it was lifted to hers, bore so often the expression of "How long can this be borne?" that the loving heart of the watcher came near breaking at sight of the soul-burden of its darling; still she never counselled anything but the strictest fulfilment of the promise. And what came of all this sacrifice for so unworthy a subject? I hear one of the world's people ask.

I do not think Aunt Esther expected any sudden and remarkable results for the man who seemed given over to his drink. She had always held firmly to the belief that there was really no help for a drunkard but through Christ; but her teaching had been in the interest of simple right; she had long felt that women as a whole were strangely recreant to their marriage vows: "*Until death*," meant with her a literal truth.

But I hear the voice again from the world that clamors for answer. "What came of all this sacrifice?" I answer, wonderful results! The wife became an almost transfigured being, under the influence of her devotion to duty; the husband, catching a reflection of this pure light that covered her as with a garment, was forced to a change.

Do not understand me to say that a reformation with him was a sudden and complete thing.

No—there were strong crying and tears, many backslidings, much discouragement; but I can say that after a life of fighting the tempted, struggling soul went away from life's temptations with a firm hope of an immortality awaiting one who has conquered through Christ. Was not such a result worthy of the sacrifice?—*Church and Home.*

WHY JEM SMITH TURNED TEETOTALER.

There was a group of men standing before a bar drinking in a public-house in Salford, Lancashire. It was a festival time, in which a great number of men had plenty of leisure to indulge in intoxication. They were deep in conversation also, admiring a sparkling glass of beer which one of the men held up before their eyes, remarking what good stuff was kept at that establishment. How it glistened in the eyes, as the bubbles arose to the top; it helped on their appetite to have glass after glass, until their heads were swimming round. Manhood had gone from them. A child's birthday party was being held; the publican's child was twelve months old. What rejoicing there was amongst the children! They seemed so happy their voices mingling together. Care was unknown.

"Jem," says the landlady, as she came into the bar carrying a young child, "what do you think of my pet; is she not pretty?" showing a chubby, round-faced child, decked with ribbons, which were attached to the beautiful clothes it had on. What admiring looks they gave, as they gazed upon its innocent face! All love of their own children had vanished; their thoughts were not at home. They had need to be, for their children were crying for bread. To play with their little ones was a misery to their wives and families; it was so with Jem Smith's wife, who was waiting at home before the fire, which was very near out, because there was no more coal. Hour by hour passed away, but no husband came to gladden the desolate hearts of the wife and forgotten children. She was weary, tears streaming down her careworn cheeks. She was thinking when she was a girl how happy her life was, with a good home in the country, where the birds sent their shrill notes up to the blue skies. But now, what a contrast!—living in a garret, with the windows patched up with brown paper!—the room destitute of furniture—no bed, but an old crib, to lie down upon at nights.

A neighboring clock struck the hour of six as Mrs. Smith wended her footsteps towards where her husband was, trembling at the reception she would meet with. She could hear the merry prattle of the children whilst standing outside, being afraid to go in; but at last, with a panting heart, she entered. There was her husband, with the landlady and child. He was saying, "What a fine child!" when his wife, with his child, came in. A frown passed over his face, and he was going to strike her; but all at once, his child, with its little hands, touched the publican's baby, quite the natural instinct of all sweet babes. There was disdain pictured on the countenance of the landlady when she saw what the poor innocent child of the drunkard was doing. She said, "Take that nasty dirty thing away!" What a pain shot through poor Mrs. Smith's heart! Picture the mother's thoughts, as she hugged the dear child to her breast. There was parental love developed. Jem, as he heard these words, was almost sobered. Oh, how it wakened his better feelings lying dormant! It seemed that, all at once, the scales upon his eyes fell off. He looked at his wife, and said, "She calls my child a dirty child, and well she may." Turning round to the landlady, he continued, "I have helped you to deck your child, whilst my wife and children were starving. I will, by the help of God, never touch, taste, or handle strong drink again." He moved to go.

What a mistake the landlady saw she had made! She wanted him to excuse her, but all to no purpose, for the bolt had shot home to Jem's heart. He saw how foolish he had been in letting his dear wife and children starve, whilst he was seeing to the comforts of the publican. When they arrived at home, he and his wife went down upon their bended knees; how earnestly he prayed to God to give him strength to sign the pledge and to keep it. Next day he did so—his fetters were broken, and he became free! A few months passed away. What a change it made with them! They became respectable, removing into a better home. Strife is unknown now; bright smiles beam on their faces. All is peace, for they are rejoicing in the Saviour's love, and are travelling to that better world above, where all is peace, contentment, and joy.

Dear reader, the moral is plain. If you are spending your earnings in drink instead of making your home comfortable, ask yourself the question—Is it not better for me to clothe my dear wife and children than the publican's? If you want it to be so, sign the pledge, and this true tale, written from life, will not be in vain.—*G. Lowe in British Workman.*

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?

How often this question is asked by men accustomed to the use of intoxicating drinks! Suppose we put the question in a more practical way? Will you take ten cents' worth of poison? Will you take a pain in the head? Will you take a rush of blood to the heart? Will you take a stab at the lungs? Will you take a blister on the mucous membrane? Will you take a nauseating sickness of the stomach? Will you take a redness of eyes or black eyes? Will you take a tint of red for your nose? Will you take an offensive breath? Will you take a touch of *delirium tremens*? Suppose we change the question a little. Will you take something to drink when you are not dry? Will you take something to drink which will not quench your thirst when you are dry? Will you take something to drink which will make you more thirsty than you were before you drank it? There would be some sense in asking a man out at the elbows to take a coat, or in asking a bareheaded man to take a hat, or in asking a shoeless man to take a pair of boots, or in asking a hungry man to take something to eat; but it is a piece of insane absurdity to ask a man to take something to drink—that will not quench his thirst. Why should he take something? Will it make him stronger, wiser, better? No; a thousand times no! It will make him weaker; it will make him idiotic and base. What does he take if he accepts the imitation? He takes an "enemy into his mouth which steals away his brains." He takes a poison into his stomach which disturbs digestion. Could he make a telescope of the glass which he puts to his mouth, and look into the future, what would he see? He would see in the distance, not far away, a man clothed in rags, and covered with the blotches of drunkenness. He would see a man deserted by his friends, and distrusted by all his kindred. He would see a wife with a sad face and a broken heart, and children growing up in ignorance and vice. He would see the poorhouse, the penitentiary, the gallows, and the graveyard within easy approach. Take the pledge, and keep it.—*National Temperance Orator.*

BRICKS V. BEER.

At a meeting of the abstaining mayors in March last, at the Guildhall, presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, the Mayor of Birmingham (W. White, Esq.,) said:—

"I can find you a company of a few hundred men who because, to use their own expression, they had learned to 'knock off the fourpenny' (that is the favorite drink in Birmingham), have managed to save something like £14,000, and put it in a savings fund with which I am associated. I know also that they have as much invested in a building society—altogether pretty nearly £30,000—saved by 2000 men who have learned the very great blessing of a sober life. What a multitude of little homes I could take you to and there show you the fruits of temperance. I think of one. Twenty-five years ago I was speaking in one of our mining districts ten miles from Birmingham. It was a crowded meeting in a little inconvenient Methodist chapel. The place was so brimful of people that some of the congregation occupied the pulpit stairs. A great miner in his woollen garb was standing close by me as I occupied the pulpit and gave a temperance address. I began to speak, among other subjects, of how much ale drunk would pay for a yard of land. I enlarged a little upon it, and tried to make it as simple as possible to the audience. By-and-by this miner, who sat with his wife upon the pulpit stairs, began to puff very loudly, and almost shook me out of my shoes with a loud thump on the side of the pulpit, which made the whole fabric crack and tremble, and he shouted, 'Ah! what is that, gaffer? say it again, gaffer. That is the best bit I ever heard in my life. Say it over again, gaffer!' So I had to go through the little arithmetical sum again, and to explain how soon, by giving up intoxicating drinks, how soon by knocking off the 'fourpenny,' a man might possess himself of a piece of land, how he might build a house upon it, and so forth; and the man said, 'Halloo! see if I don't take that little bit of advice.' 'Not you, Jim,' said a man in the audience; 'you like to lush too well for that.' 'Now, lads, see if I don't do it,' said the first man; and again he gave a thump on the pulpit, with such tremendous force that I was afraid for my own safety. The man went home after he had signed the pledge. Three years after that I visited the place again, and I was invited to have a meal in that man's house. He had persuaded a neighbor to join him, and together they had built on a piece of land two neat little houses through the instrumentality of a building society, and that with us means being genteel—a parlour in front, and a kitchen behind. This man had his house furnished, he had a row of books on the shelf, he had the china in a corner cupboard, and every comfort that a working man could reasonably expect to have, and that with three years' exertions and perseverance in the total abstinence principles and practice."—*British Workman.*

THOMAS CARLYLE'S temperance appeal to the "free and independent" voter long since became famous. He said—"No one oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser; but does not this stupid pewter pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go, but the absurd pot of heavy wet, this can and does! Thou hast the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor, and thou pratest of thy liberty! Thou entire blockhead!"

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

"Johnnie, dear," says his mother in an expostulating tone, and suggestive of an expected rebuff, "come in from the open door, you may take cold."

Neither reply nor movement from Johnnie.

"Come here, Johnnie, and perhaps mamma may find a penny for you."

"Don't want no penny."

"But you'll take a cold, I'm afraid, dear. Do come in, there's a good boy."

"I won't."

"I don't think that is a nice word to say to your own mamma."

"Don't care."

"O Johnnie," as though the delightful thought had just occurred to her, "mamma will give you a cookie."

"Got one."

"Well, a piece of pie then."

"Had some."

"Oh, look here, Johnnie!" and his mother hurries toward him with a picture book in her hand, and looks intently at it, evidently finding something very exciting in it. "Do you see this picture, a little boy with a goat carriage?" and while Master Johnnie for one unguarded moment turns to inspect the wonderful picture, she hastily moves him aside, and closes the door, talking meanwhile so fast as to be almost incoherent.

"Two goats, Johnnie, Billy goats, with bells on"—Johnnie finds the door closed, and gives a series of unearthly screeches.

"And a carriage painted red," she shouts to drown his yells.

Johnnie kicks and bangs the door, and yells as a Comanche Indian is supposed to yell. "I will have it open, you bad mamma!" and he kicks and screeches.

"Mamma's pet," is evidently in a passion.

"Little boy with a blue cap on!" shrieks his mother. "See his whip!"

Johnnie finding his efforts in making a hole through the door unavailing, throws himself face downward on the floor kicking and screaming as before.

"O Johnnie, papa shall buy you an orange," trying to lift Johnnie, who is instantly as "stiff as a poker," and is as difficult to lift as though he weighed a ton.

"When?"

"To-night."

"And a quart of peanuts, too?" bargains Johnnie?

"Perhaps so."

"Say yeth or I'll holler again," beginning to kick.

"Yes, of course, pet, come and sit on mamma's lap and let her read you a nice little story about a good little boy, like my Johnnie," kissing him as if asking forgiveness.

Then she reads the story, then another, and another, until Master Johnnie is tired of stories, and goes off to his playthings. His mother gives a long, weary sigh of relief.

"I shall be glad when Johnnie is able to go out of doors again," she remarks to her visitor, who is likewise her sister-in-law, "for he is so irritable and it is such hard work to conquer him when he is in one of his tempers." This within earshot of Johnnie.

"I wouldn't undertake it if his father didn't insist upon my forcing his obedience."

"Does he have these tempers with his father, Julia?"

"He doesn't now. He had one or two but John punished him severely, and now, I tell John, he is afraid of him. I consider it a misfortune for one's children to be afraid of one."

There was silence for a few moments.

"I have often thought I should be happy if Johnnie had such a disposition as your children have, Mary?"

"Jamie is as quick-tempered and passionate as Johnnie."

"But I never saw him in such tantrums as you saw Johnnie in this afternoon."

"He doesn't dare to indulge in it, Julia. The only whipping I ever gave him, was for an exhibition like this, and he remembers it."

"Oh! I could never whip my dear little boy. I could never forgive myself. Suppose Jamie should die, Mary, you would always have it to reflect upon that you, his own mother, had punished him severely."

"Suppose Jamie should live to man's estate, and his irritable, violent temper that had never known a check was in full possession of him, that he were universally disliked because of it, and that it led him into quarrels and many unpleasantnesses. What would be his mother's reflections then, Julia?"

"But there are other ways besides that, Mary. To-night, when I put Johnnie to bed, I shall tell him how naughty he has been to-day, and he will be sorry, and promise to do better, and not to do so again."

"You have 'talked' to him before, then, Julia!"

"O, yes, indeed! I always do."

"And does he do better?"

Julia colored. "I think he will, as he grows older, be ashamed of behaving so."

"Don't believe it, sister. Rather think that this habit of uncontrollable passion will grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. If talking seriously with him only makes him promise at the time what he forgets when the trial comes, a wholesome switching will cause him to reflect that it is sure to terminate painfully."

"That is what John says, and I tell him very often that he will be sorry some time."

"The fear of my children being taken from me will never deter me from the fulfilment of my recognized duty. I would never punish a child in anger. When I cannot control my own passion, I am unfit to discuss a point with a child."

"I never get into a passion with Johnnie. If I did, I could punish him, perhaps. I sometimes wish I could be angry with him, he annoys me so, especially when I have visitors."

"That is another thing, Julia, that in my opinion is wrong; allowing a child to do or say before visitors, what would not be tolerated otherwise. I have been at places where the hostess would say repeatedly, 'Don't do this,' 'You mustn't do that,' and explain to me, 'I never saw Georgie behave so badly before.' I correct my children when they deserve it. If I do not care to make an exhibition of parental authority at the immediate time, I attend to it directly, when we are alone, and once or twice has always, so far, proved sufficient."

"Oh dear!" sighed the other, "I wish I knew what to do. I can't whip Johnnie, talking and reasoning does him no good, and a mild punishment only arouses his violence. If I only knew what was best!"
—*The Household.*

CAMPING OUT.

Those who can afford it take their summer vacation at the sea-shore or at some mountain resort. The object in selecting a locality, aside from those who are governed by fashion, being to find a place with surroundings as much unlike those at home as possible. But those who most need the summer visit to sea-shore and mountain side, the farmers' and mechanics' hard-worked wives and families, can rarely afford the outlay required. A week at any of these public resorts involves an expenditure that is beyond the means of the majority. After all, the real object of summer vacation is, change—a change of scene, a relief from the daily routine of household duties, a freedom, for the time, from care, and often a marked difference (sometimes for the worse) in the food. Besides these objects, there may be added the meeting with new people, and seeing new ways, which may or may not be desirable. All these results, save the last, can be had without expense, by a week or two in camp. A neighborhood must be poor, indeed, that does not, somewhere within a few miles afford a pleasant spot for a camp. It may be by the side of a lake or a river, where fishing can be enjoyed; a hill-side or a mountain top may afford a pleasant place. A desirable spot can usually be found not far from home—indeed, we know of one farmer who does not go beyond the boundaries of his own estate to find a pleasant, camping ground. If tents are not at hand waggon covers, barn-sheets, tarpaulins, or whatever will form a shelter from the dew and rain, may be pressed into the service. The chief point is to provide an abundance of bedding; buffalo robes and comforters, and plenty of blankets, are usually sufficient, though some may need ticks filled with straw. In starting out for camp, do not take too many things. One of the useful lessons of camp-life is, to show how little one can get along with. The most important part of the outfit is an abundant supply of good nature, a disposition to make the best of everything, to overcome difficulties, and be always cheerful. A grumbler is an unpleasant companion anywhere, but in camp he is a nuisance. In warm weather, the camp-fire should be at a good distance from the sleeping tents, and precautions taken that no spreading of the fire can occur. It is well to leave nearly all of the crockery at home, and provide a supply of tin plates, tin cups, and cheap knives and forks. Prepare in advance sufficient food to serve for the first two or three days, and then be governed by circumstances.

If the locality furnishes fish or game, the procuring of these will afford sport for the men and boys, but it is not safe to depend upon these, and there should be in reserve a ham, a supply, of the standard camp-food, salt pork, which, with an abundance of potatoes, hard-tack, dried apples, and coffee, will keep the table well furnished. Have meals at stated hours, let each one in his or her way help in preparing them, and—what is still more important—help in clearing away and washing dishes. Keep the surroundings of the camp in good order. Have a pit in a convenient place for scraps and slops, and provide other conveniences in a sheltered place at a proper distance. If guns are taken into camp, let it be the business of some one to provide a proper place for them beyond the reach of children, and where no accident can occur. See that the guns are always kept there when not in use. Reduce the work to the smallest possible amount, so that the greater part of the day may be spent in rest—in "leisure," in the best meaning of the term. Be sure and provide an abundance of reading matter. Any hard-worked family will return from a fortnight's vacation, or a longer one, of this kind, better fitted to take up the home routine, and perhaps be more appreciative of home comforts.—*Agriculturist.*

HOME CLEANLINESS.

BY DR. J. H. HANNAFORD.

Righteousness does not thrive in alley, where the cheering and purifying rays of the sun never enter, or in the dark damps and filthy cellars where soap is never used. While the soul is in this body it is affected, and that of necessity, by its physical surroundings. During this month the garbage, offal, of all kinds, thrown out in the winter, are more or less affected by the warmth, fermentation and putrefaction ensuing. Many a back yard is now reeking with the foul odors from decaying and putrescent vegetables, the carcases of the slain, greasy bones,—whatever may have accumulated during the cold weather. These odors may contain the germs of disease, soon to appear in the form of fevers, diphtheria, croup, and the like. It is safe to burn everything found in this yard, that is not needed for any other purpose,—if they can be burned.—burying the rest, but at a reasonable distance from the well, which is sometimes but another name for a cesspool.

The old garments there found, mouldy and putrid, may well enrich some part of the garden, buried at the roots of some tree so deep that the gases may not escape to pollute the air.

It now becomes the duty of the housekeeper to survey the premises, examine every nook and corner, from cellar to attic, and the dark closets where dust and dirt may have been stored away in the winter, admitting the air and sunlight as far as possible, washing, re-papering or staining the walls, applying white-wash, disposing of all of the filth. In the cellar decaying vegetables may be found, a pork-barrel containing rancid brine and putrid pork, the remnant of the preceding year, and other decaying articles. The sprouting of vegetables, the fermentation and putrefaction of all destructible articles, generate carbonic acid gas and other foul and poisonous gases, all unfavorable to the health of the family. The admission of air and sunlight into this cellar, placing vessels of copperas-water in various parts of it, often putting that water around the fruit-trees of the garden, will do much to purify it, avoiding some of the diseases generally prevailing about this time.

The spare bedroom—with the parlor, both of which are kept so sacredly close, dark, dreary, and forbidding that even a fly scarcely dares intrude—needs clarification, the removal of the mould and all noxious gases. This is the time to give special attention to the stagnant pools, the sink-spouts, the woodsheds, all places where confined air and gases may be the sources of disease. The stable and all out-buildings from which emanate offensive odors may well receive attention. These offensive odors, disgusting stenches, are direct evidences that there is danger. As the easiest means of purification, at least open the doors and windows that the friendly winds may scatter the disease germs. But, above all, look after that piggery, the favorite home of personified filth! Not a breeze comes from it that is not laden with nauseating foulness, filth-saturated and repugnant to our finer feelings. This nuisance cannot well be removed too far from civilization, at least at this time of the year. If not removed, it should be almost daily filled with coal ashes or loam, that its foulness may become less offensive. A very convenient method of disposing of the refuse water from the sink is to dig a deep and large pit fill it with leaves and loam,—not quite reaching the general level,—in which may be planted some large variety of beans,—as the Haricot,—with a few sunflower seeds, instead of poles, for the beans, the roots of which will appropriate most, if not all, of the filth. This method has proved a decided success. If convenient, this water may be conducted off to the roots of a large tree, practically about the same arrangement. The growth of the vegetation will demonstrate the propriety of both of these methods. If the water flows on top of the ground for a short distance, if exposed to the light of the sun and breezes, there will be less danger than there would be if it should pass off in a more confined place, the foul gases reaching the house through open windows.—*Watchman.*

My 2, 6, 16, 8, 10, is a kind of window.
My 3, 12, 21, 20, is a small animal.
My 13, 12, 17, 7, is destiny.
My 18, 19, 4, 17, is a slight coloring.
My 15, 2, 5, is a domestic animal.
My 4, 19, 9, 20, is a number.
My whole is a distinguished poet and author.

BEHEADED WORDS.

1. Behead a German nobleman, and leave two words.
2. Behead a woman, and leave two words.
3. Behead a man, and leave two words.
4. Behead an elevated object, and leave two words.
5. Behead an animal found in America resembling a fish, and leave two words.
6. Behead land in motion, and leave two words.
7. Behead circular motion, and leave a series of things unfolded; behead again, and leave a spiral turn or wreath.

WORD PUZZLE.

From the letters of the name of a certain kind of candies may be spelled words which mean the following.

1. A holy city. 2. Desert travellers. 3. A pretty edge. 4. An old sheep. 5. A shell fish. 6. A vehicle. 7. A fine tree. 8. Spice. 9. Ground corn. 10. Guns and pistols. 11. Crippled. 12. Rich milk. 13. A bottle of English drink. 14. A quantity of paper. 15. A measure. 16. A chase. 17. Something found in a corn field. 18. Part of a circle. 19. Several men. 20. A Spanish coin. 21. Something that holds a sleeve.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

RIDDLE. Glass.

BEHEADINGS.—Scow-cow; boar-oar; crow-row.

RHOMBOID

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  B e e t
  D e e m
  F e e l
  M e e r
  T e e k
  S e e s
  D e e d
  P e e r
  K e e n
  P e e p
  K e e l
  R e e l
  L e e r
  T e e l
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CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Blackwood Graham, Archibald Thompson, and Lillian A. Greene.

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"No, no, my lad, you're never to fight Granny. You've the evil to fight—the sin in your heart; that's where the first victory must be gained. If you are one of the Saviour's lambs you must never tell lies, or cheat, or say bad words, or do wrong things. When the wish to do such things comes into your heart you must fight it down, and look up to the Saviour and ask Him to give you the victory."

Greg listened earnestly with grave face, but he did not say anything. Presently Isaac's wife came in, bringing her husband fresh work, and while she was repeating to him the saddler's instructions the children slipped away.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

In a small room in a house a few streets away from Field's Court, a happy-faced [illegible] over her [illegible]looking [illegible]nes.

[illegible] or two bright [illegible] texts on the wall and a few pictures. The lookout was on a busy street, with the noise of omnibuses and trams continually passing and repassing; but a few flower-pots in the window, with some plants which, though not in flower, were yet bright with fresh, green leaves, shut out some of the dulness of the street. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin had only been a few weeks in that house; he had not long been appointed city missionary to that district, and was looking over the map of the neighborhood.

While they were still poring over it the former missionary came in.

"Good morning, Mr Goodwin; good morning, ma'am. I see you are busy over the map."

"Good morning, Mr. Healey; I am glad you have looked in. I want to ask you a few questions about the district."

Mr. Healey opened his note-book, and the two missionaries consulted together for some time over the state of the locality.

"And now about this court curiously named 'The Battlefield'; I expect it will be pretty much of a battlefield for us there."

"It is a dreadful place," said Mr. Healey, with emphasis—"a dreadful place, not fit for any lady to go into."

"How comes it by its strange name?"

"I am not very sure, but there is a tradition that a battle was fought some hundreds of years ago on this spot, and a field on which the court was built had from time immemorial been called 'the battlefield,' so I suppose there must be something in it."

"I see you have only one name down there, Isaac Hardacre; how is that? Are there no more families?"

"Oh, dear! yes, plenty—too many. But they are so bad no one can visit them. Isaac is a good old man and always thankful for a visit, but the rest——" and Mr. Healey held up his hands in horror. Presently he took his leave, and after he had gone Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin sat for a while in silence.

"This dreadful court," said Mrs. Goodwin at last, "you must be careful how you go into it, husband."

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," was his answer, with a smile. "There are those who need visiting there; there are wounded ones on that battlefield, no doubt, who need helping and blessing; and the only way to do them good is to take the Gospel to them, so that there may be victories won there which will make heaven ring with praises."

It was in the spring that Mr. Goodwin came to that neighborhood. Greg and May were both going on much the same, both bearing their childhood's griefs and special sorrows in their usual quiet way. Many a visit had been paid to old Isaac, who was always pleased to see his young visitors, and did all he could to teach them more of the Lord he loved. The winter had been a severe one, and Greg had spent much of his time with his unfailing friend and comforter, the apple-woman, who stuck to her post notwithstanding the rain and snow, and had a warm welcome at all times for the poor little cripple.

"THERE ARE THOSE WHO NEED VISITING."

Mr. Goodwin paid his first visit to old Isaac, who was delighted to see him, and to find that an earnest servant of God was to labor among them.

"There's need enough of work for God in a court like this, sir, sure enough; the poor souls is slaves to sin and Satan, and no one to help 'em. I wish I could do something, but you see I'm tied here and can't move. I haven't been outside that door for seven years, and it ain't likely that folks would come to me."

"No doubt you worked when you had the opportunity," said Mr. Goodwin, pleased to find so intelligent and earnest a Christian in such a place.

"Well, you see, sir, I didn't know much about the Lord myself till I was crippled. It's my accident has been the means of bringing me really to him, so I can thank Him for it, though sometimes it is a sore trouble not [illegible] able to get about."

"It must be, indeed; but there is one thing you can do: you can pray for your neighbors, you can continually bear them up before the Lord, and so bring down blessings upon them of which they have never dreamed."

"Yes," returned Isaac, "sure enough. I do pray for them, and have done so this many a year, and I believe your coming among us is the answer to the prayers. I wish you could make one of your first visits to a man called Langborne, at No. 6, upstairs. His wife is a good woman, and I believe his little girl is one of the Saviour's lambs—she comes to see me sometimes—but Langborne is breaking their hearts. He drinks dreadful, and beats both his wife and child; but as May told me one day, 'we sings of the happy land, and wishes we was there!'"

"Poor things!" said Mr. Goodwin, compassionately, "I will certainly visit them as soon as I can; but you see I have a large district, and there are many other courts too." Then, after making one or two notes in his pocket-book, and joining Isaac in prayer, he left the house.

It was up-hill work. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin often said that it was a real battlefield to them, there was so much to discourage, and try, and dishearten The people resented their visits, did not want to be looked after, and said openly that they did not care to be interfered with. But the missionaries gained the victory through Him who loved them, and did all they could to help the poor lost ones. Langborne was happily more easily reached than they feared; he was greatly taken with Mr. Goodwin's hearty, manly way; and before many months were over, he signed the temperance pledge, and joined a Bible-class that Mr. Goodwin had begun on Wednesday evenings.

The day after the pledge was taken, May came out to Greg in the court, her face all smiles and tears.

"What's the matter?" asked Greg, curiously.

"Oh, such good news! Father's turned teetotal, and won't touch

no more drink! Think o' that, Greg!" and the child grew excited. "Mother and me has been crying near all night, we're so glad."

"I wouldn't cry if I wor glad," said Greg.

"Wouldn't you? P'raps you couldn't help it if you was very, very glad, Greg. Shall we go and tell Isaac—he'll be so pleased?"

They soon pushed open the door, full of their news, when they discovered that Isaac was not alone. Mr. Goodwin was there reading. The children were hastily retreating, when Isaac called—"Don't go away; come in, come in! You've come to tell me about father, haven't you, May? Well, I'm just as glad as can be."

"May was so glad, she cried," said Greg, as if he could not understand it, and then shrank back in a corner as if ashamed of having spoken before a stranger; for it so happened that though Mr. Goodwin had been working in the court for some months, he had never seen Greg before.

"Well, well, we'll talk about it presently" said Isaac. "Mr. Goodwin was reading me a beautiful story about a blind man, and I'm sure if you'll sit still he'll begin the chapter again, and let you hear the whole story."

The treat was an unusual one to Greg, and both he and May eagerly squatted on the floor with upturned faces to listen. It was the ninth chapter of St. John, and the story attracted them: the poor man who had been a blind baby, a blind boy, who had never seen the faces of his father and mother, never seen God's beautiful sunshine as he sat in its warmth and begged, who all his life long had been in the dark, and had never seen anything in the world. Greg gave a little shudder as he thought that that would be worse than even his own crooked, painful back. But then how he listened when he heard that Jesus cured him, gave him sight, and that all the man had to do was simply to wash as He told him!

"Was he never blind any more?" whispered Greg to May, who was close beside him!

"Hush!" said May. "No; he's sure to be all right now."

And they listened silently to the end of the chapter.

"You see," said Mr. Goodwin, turning to the children, "the Lord Jesus not only gave the blind man his sight, but He forgave him his sins: the man became a true believer on the Son of God. And the same Jesus who did such a wonderful thing as that, He also loves you, dear children; He died on the cross for you, and He cares for you in all your trials."

"It's a wonderful thing," said Isaac—"a whole chapter in God's Book taken up with a poor blind beggar, and the way the Saviour saved and healed him."

"Ah, there will be many such chapters in the Lamb's book of life—the book that is written in heaven," said Mr. Goodwin. "There will be many a chapter there, all taken up with the Saviour's mercy and love to one poor blind sinner; there will be a whole chapter for each of us. What a book it will be!"

Greg started up. "Will there be a chapter about me there?"

"If you are one of the Saviour's little ones, my boy, your name is written in that book, and there is a chapter about you too. The blessed Lord loves and cares for all His children, whether they are young or old."

Greg gave an emphatic nod, his dark eyes looking earnestly on the missionary's face; but he did not speak, and presently sank back on the floor again till Mr. Goodwin took his leave.

It was not long after this that Mrs. Goodwin, who had been greatly touched by her husband's account of the lame boy, opened a "Band of Hope" for the children of the district. At first it was but thinly attended, and none of the children from "The Battlefield" could be persuaded to join except Greg and May. Mrs. Goodwin conducted the meetings in a very lively way, having a good deal of cheerful singing, and showing the children in simple words the great advantages of total abstinence and the terrible evils of drink. She also showed them how much good they might do if they held fast to their pledge, and how they might be the means of winning older people to give up the drink, which was the cause of such untold evil.

Greg could neither read nor write, he had never been taught anything but evil; and when he went up to the table with May, he was somewhat startled when Mrs. Goodwin asked, "What is your name, my boy?"

"Greg," he answered.

"Ah, but that is a short name; what is your proper name your surname?"

"Ain't got none," he said, shortly.

"Oh, but you must have one; does nobody know?"

"No," said May, "we all calls him 'Greg.'"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Goodwin, "I am afraid I cannot give you a card to-day, my boy; but do not grieve," she added, as Greg began to cry, "we will try and find out before the next meeting, and you shall have a card then."

But Greg was in great trouble. "I ain't a bit like other folks, May," he said, sobbing, as they left the meeting. "I hadn't a mother, and now I hain't a name."

"Oh, but you have, Greg. Why, you know you have a mother with Jesus in the happy land, and you have a name somewhere, sure to," said May, comfortingly. And then a bright thought coming into her head, she added, "Why, the gentleman said your name was written in heaven, so God knows what it is; it's all right, you see."

And Greg was comforted. He resolved to tell Mrs. Goodwin about it at the next meeting. But Greg did not go to the meeting again for a long, long time.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW HOME.

A day or two after the last Band of Hope meeting, as Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin were sitting at breakfast, the postman's knock was heard, and Mrs. Goodwin ran out to receive a letter for her husband.

"From your sister," she said as she handed it to him.

Mr. Goodwin read it through with a somewhat puzzled face, and then handing it to his wife, he said, "There, read it through and tell me what to do."

After speaking on family affairs, the letter went on: "We are much interested in all your work in that sad neighborhood, and we wish we could help you. We have been thinking lately we should much like to take some poor lost child and care for it. The Lord has not given us children, yet He has given us this nice farm and plenty of room for a child to run about; and we have felt strongly lately that perhaps He has some lonely, ill-used, motherless child for us to bring up for Him. I want you and Kate to think over the matter, and send us down the most unhappy and uncared-for child in the district. We do not care whether it is a boy or girl; we leave all the details with you."

"Well," said Mr. Goodwin, as his wife finished reading the letter, and folded it up with a smile—"well, what conclusion have you come to?"

"Greg," said Mrs. Goodwin, looking into her husband's face.

"But he is such a cripple, and such an uncared-for little lad."

"Then he is just the one your sister wants. I believe it would be the making of him. If he had fresh air and good food and care just now, he might grow up much stronger. Poor little fellow! I should like to know he was down in the country; I am sure he would repay any one's care."

"He has won your heart, that is evident," said Mr. Goodwin, laughing; "and he is a good little fellow, I am sure. Isaac always speaks very highly of him. I wonder what his grandmother would say to the plan. I will call by-and-by, and see what she says."

Mr. Goodwin had somewhat of a stormy visit to old Mrs. Jackson. At first she declared she "didn't want the lad, would be glad to get rid of him;" but when Mr. Goodwin explained to her that he wanted to take Greg right away she at once declared she could not let him go unless a sum of money were paid down for the loss he would be to her in going errands. He resolved to think the matter over before he decided to do anything more, and accordingly rose to go.

"What is the child's real name?" he asked.

"Greg," she said, defiantly.

"But that is a contraction; what is his real name?"

"What's that to you?" she said, getting more angry. If 'Greg' ain't good enough, you can give him any name you've a mind to."

When Mr. Goodwin was telling his wife about it afterwards, he said, "I hardly know why, but I do not think Greg is that woman's grandchild at all. He has fallen into her hands somehow, and she seems afraid of telling his real name."

"Perhaps we shall find out some time; we must keep our eye on the woman."

At last, after some consultation, it was agreed to give the old woman ten shillings, and take Greg off at once. "Though I am sadly afraid all the money will go in gin," said Mr. Goodwin.

At last all was arranged. Greg had bid May good-bye with many tears.

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH CHINA *Herald* gives an account of the boy-emperor of the Celestial Empire, who is now eleven years old, and has been legally of age since he was six. He is styled Foo Yeh, or the Buddha Father, and all who enter his presence pray to him as to the Deity. Even his mother, who visits him in state once a month bows down and worships him. He is attended by countless servants, where he lives in the palace of his ancestors, sleeping in a great bed where many emperors have slept who are now dead. He dines grandly, but his servants tell him when he appears to be over-eating, as your mother does you, perhaps. His teachers come in and fall upon their knees, not rising until he bids them. Every day he reads the Chinese and Tartar languages, and rides and practises with bow and arrow. Then his youthful Majesty sits for two hours on a throne and talks government affairs with his Ministers of State.

MAKE OTHERS to see Christ in you moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.—*Rutherford.*

"Shame is the loss of our own esteem."

The Family Circle.

TO THE LITTLE PENITENT.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Dry thy tears, little one,
Jesus is near thee,
If thou wilt only call,
He'll surely hear thee.

Art thou so grieved for sin?
Jesus will pardon;
Do not delay, my child,
Lest thy heart harden.

Come to thy Saviour now,
With humble spirit;
Pleading no good in thee,
Plead but his merit.

To him thy many sins
Freely confessing,
From his own hand receive
Pardon and blessing.

Strive then to sin no more,
On Christ depending
For strength and comfort too,
Till thy life's ending.

Then shalt thou surely know
What peace he giveth
Unto each little child
Who for him liveth.

Now quickly dry thy tears,
Since ever near thee
Jesus, thy risen Lord,
Waiteth to hear thee.

—*Child's Paper.*

THREE BOYS.

[redacted]MITY — GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

By Mary E. C. Wyeth.

"Wint is having a rough time of it, trying to climb up Zion's hill. He'd better backslide and be done with it. He'll find it more comfortable!"

"You see he's trying an impossibility. How is it the Bible has it? 'To serve two masters.' Yes, and it says likewise, it can't be done. All the same, poor old Wint is trying hard to—"

"Serve one and get the credit of serving the other," said Joe, finishing Bert's speech. "Pshaw! I'm sorry."

The two lads lay in the shadow of a haystack, this fair vacation-day, cooling off after their chase of a fleet hare.

Wint had been with them in the start, but as they turned a fence-corner, all in a bunch, Joe's and Wint's heads had come into violent collision, and Wint, becoming very angry, said some coarse, bad words and refused to run with his companions any farther. Dot, the dog, had caught the hare, the boys had skinned and dressed it and carried it to the house, and having refreshed themselves with a drink of buttermilk, had gone out into the rickyard to loll and chat for a bit before the noonday meal. Wint was nowhere to be seen. They whistled, but no answering whistle came.

"He's mad yet. Let him go," said Bert, as he threw himself lightly on the loose hay at the foot of a fragrant stack. "He's got a mean temper."

"Seems to me he uses a lot of bad words for a professor," Joe had answered.

And then Bert had made the declaration recorded in our first sentence.

"I believe you," said Bert, in answer to Joe's "I'm sorry." "So am I sorry. I used to think that Wint was in earnest, and meant to practise what he professed, but I've about changed my opinion. I don't pretend to be a Christian and let my light shine, and all that, but I'd be ashamed to do some things that Wint does—get mad as fury at nothing, and then be too mulish to own that I was in the wrong when I was convinced of my mistake. And—well—it's mean to be cutting up a fellow behind his back. Don't let's say any more."

"No," said Joe, slowly, "we wont. Only I'm sorry Wint has petered out so. He had an opportunity—and he's missed it. You see when Wint stood up there and gave in his experience, and talked so nice in that prayer-meeting, you remember, he talked just the way I felt, precisely, only I couldn't have got it off in that slick fashion. And I said to myself, 'Now, old Joe, if Wint stands up to all that, and makes a good fight, and comes out ahead, why, you'll start in, that's all.'"

"Why didn't you go in then, if you felt that way?" asked Bert, turning his astonished eyes on his companion. "You act enough more like a Christian than Wint does."

Joe shook his head.

"I was afraid I wouldn't hold out. Wint is smarter than either you or me. I thought it was well enough to let him try first. If he held out—then—"

"Yes," said Bert, "he'd have been a help to us, I know. I thought of it too at the time. But it looked to me as if there ought to be some change in a fellow when he professed to be converted and born again, and starting in a new life, and I did look for Wint to let up on those bad words—but pshaw!" "He'd better do as I said, backslide and done with it. Then he won't be a hypocrite, and that's what he is now, or I'm—but there, we said we wouldn't backbite, and here I am at it again. Come on, let's run down to the pond and take a paddle. Dinner wont be ready for an half-hour."

Dinner-time came, and Joe and Bert, fresh from their bath in the mill-pond, came too. They had quite forgotten the slight collision of the hare-hunt, and wondered that Wint was not on hand, especially as he knew there was to be a peach-pudding for desert. Joe called, Bert whistled, and Phillis blew the tin horn, but no Wint responded to either familiar summons.

"He must have gone up to the apple-picking at Sykes'," said Joe's uncle. "The Sykes boys were over here about eleven o'clock, and I saw Wint coming across the barnyard just as they came in the big gate."

After dinner Joe and Bert went into town to do some errands for Joe's uncle, on whose farm the three lads were visiting. They did not return till late.

"What sent Wint off in such a hurry?" asked Uncle Joe, as they sat down to the supper that was waiting them. "No bad news, eh?"

"Wint? Is he gone?" the lads asked in one voice of surprise.

"Packed his traps and left on the three o'clock train. Looked mighty down in the mouth, but said you boys would understand."

The boys did not understand, however, until they went to their room at night.

"I do wonder what happened to Wint?" was Joe's first word on entering their snuggery.

"Perhaps this will tell," said Bert, as his eyes fell on a note addressed in Wint's bold hand to "Bert and Joe."

"Read it, Joe."

And Joe read:

"'Dear Fellows: Forgive me. I'm going home; I'm not fit company for you; I've done you all the harm I am willing to do. I ask your forgiveness, and I beg you not to think that there is nothing worth having in religion because I have disgraced my profession. I was on the other side of the haystack, where—you wont believe me, but it is true—I was kneeling and praying for help to conquer my hateful temper and to control my wicked tongue, when you two came there. I heard all you said. If you are right, Bert, and I am only a hypocrite, then, may God be merciful to me a sinner. There is no other prayer that I can pray. But if, as I humbly trust, in spite of all my wicked disloyalty, I am a disciple of Christ, then too I must pray, "God be merciful to me," and forgive me that I have so dishonored my Saviour. O fellows, can't you help me? I know that I ought to have been a help to you, and I've only been a hindrance. But I did want to live so as to win you both to Christ. I have missed my opportunity, as you say, Joe. And what can I do now but pray that you may not miss yours, and that my extremity may prove to be God's opportunity? Oh, pray for me. I am very wretched. Of course, after the way I have lived, and the dead failure I have made in the Christian life, nothing that I can say will be likely to influence yo:, yet I will say, that if I never tried before to "climb up Zion's hill," I mean, by God's help, to try now. O fellows, I love you both, and I ask your pardon for all the harm I have done you. If you love me, forgive me, and pray for your penitent WINT.'"

Joe's voice had trembled as he read. As he concluded, he raised his eyes to Bert's and saw them filled with tears.

"I declare, Joe, I wouldn't have hurt the old fellow's feelings so for anything," said Bert, gulping down a sob.

"I don't know," said Joe; "maybe it was best. Wint does not lie. It cost him dear to ask our pardon so humble. I believe in him, after all. And I a'n't so sure he has altogether missed his opportunity. I think we might do worse than to pray for him, and for ourselves too."

"So do I," said Bert, turning away.

After a few moments he came over to the table beside which Joe yet stood, re-reading Wint's confession and appeal.

"I say, Joe," he began, in a low voice, "shall we write to Wint and promise him that we will?"

"Pray for him and for ourselves? Yes. Only it will be more comfort to him to hear that we had prayed. I was horrid mean this morning, answering him so."

"And I was mean, saying he'd better backslide, and all that," added Bert. "I ought to ask his pardon."

"Bert," said Joe, seriously, "let's join in, and help one another. You know the Bible says, 'A threefold cord is not quickly broken.'"

"Well," said Bert, "I will."

The boys fell on their knees, and Joe prayed aloud. "Lord Jesus, we have come. Help us to stand fast in the truth, and keep us by thy grace unto the end. Oh, save and bless Wint, and help each one of us that we may help one another. Forgive us that we have held off so long, and forgive Wint, and help him, and give him the victory. Lord, we can't do anything in our own strength, but thou canst do all things. Do thy will in us boys, and may we never be ashamed of our King and Saviour, who gave himself for us. Amen."

Bert joined in the Amen with earnest voice. They rose from their knees and clasped hands in a token of a new and sacred fellowship.

A few days later Wint read a letter signed by Joe and Bert, telling of their new resolve their prayer for him, and their fellowship with him. And when he had read it he laid his head upon his arms and cried for joy. For he received it as a word of forgiveness and assurance from the Saviour whom he had so wronged, and to whom he had so earnestly cried that for His own mercy's sake he would not suffer his disloyalty to destroy the souls or hinder the conversion of the friends whom he loved, and whom he had sincerely hoped to benefit.

From that hour Wint was a loyal soldier of the cross. And daily he thanks God that his extremity was so signally made God's opportunity for the salvation of the souls of Bert and Joe.

And the threefold cord still holds.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE PEDLER ON LONDON BRIDGE.

It was a bright May morning early in the present century. London Bridge was densely crowded and almost impassable, as it was wont to be in those times, for it was not the stately structure of Rennie with which we have to deal, but the old, narrow, many arched bridge which for centuries had formed the only link between the city and the adjoining borough of Southwark.

The carts and carriages toiled along, every now and then coming to a deadlock, which generally provoked an angry and protracted wrangle; for there were no police to enforce order or overawe violence. The foot-passengers made their way like men swimming against a rapid current, thankful if they accomplished the passage, after half an hour's exertion, without damage to limb or pocket.

In the embrasures formed by the projecting pier small traders had established themselves, and offered their wares to the passers-by, the slow pace to which the latter were restrained giving them a better opportunity than ordinary of descanting on the merits of the articles offered for sale. In one sheltered nook stood an old woman with her basket of oranges and cakes, and at her side a flower girl, with her nosegays of primrose or violet. In another, a hardware man offered his scissors and thimbles and many-bladed pen-knives, or cheap rings and brooches and pinchbeck jewellery.

In one of the abutments, near the city side, on the day referred to, a man was very busy advertising sovereigns for sale. "Here you are, gentlemen," he vociferated; "real golden sovereigns one penny a piece. Only a penny apiece—real sovereigns, fresh from his Majesty's mint! Here's an opportunity that will never happen again—only a penny for a real golden sovereign, twenty shillings' value, two hundred and forty pence—all for one penny! Don't let the chance slip, gentlemen; it will never come again! Buy a hundred sovereigns for a hundred pence!"

The crowd surged by, taking little notice of him, or when any one did make any response to his invitation it was to express surprise at his folly in believing that the public could be so taken in. "You've brightened up those farthings of yours pretty smartly," said one. "If you'd sell 'em four for a penny, you might do some business." "Best mind what you are at my lad," growled an old city clerk; "If you attempt to pass off those Brummagem buttons as sovereigns you may have the constables after you."

The pedler listened to these remarks with the utmost composure. He did not appear to be in any way disturbed though he had stood for nearly three-quarters of an hour without receiving a single bid for his wares; nor did his eye ever turn aside from the tray which was slung by a band round his neck, except to glance at a man occupying the same niche in the bridge as himself, who was leaning carelessly against the parapet, referring every now and then to the watch which he drew from his pocket.

Presently it seemed as though a customer had come at last. "O papa," said a little boy, "those are the things mother is always wanting. Look here; I've got fourpence which she gave me for bringing a good character home from school. I'll buy four of the sovereigns and take them home to her if I may."

"You're a good boy, Dicky," said the father, "but I am afraid your mother wouldn't get much good out of them. They're only pretence, my lad. In this world no one ever parts with anything under its value. You may give good money and get what is worth very little for it. Come along, and buy your bulls' eyes."

The pair passed on, and presently another man stopped and looked wistfully at the tray.

"If they were only real," he muttered. "Twenty of them would keep me out of gaol, and I might come all right again. There's many a man now to whom twenty real sovereigns are of no more consequence than that chap's medals would be. Ah, but though he doesn't want them himself, he won't give them to me."

He, too, resumed his way, and was succeeded by a very different personage from the last—a buck, in fact, of the first water. His three-cornered hat set jauntily on his head, his peagreen coat, with large brass buttons, his buckskin breeches, showy waistcoat, and the mass of neckcloth round his throat, were all in the height of the fashion. He paused a moment in front of the pedler, and narrowly scrutinized the contents of his drawer.

"A good imitation that," he muttered, with a fashionable oath; "I wonder whether they would pass at Crocky's. If I could venture fifty of them at the board of green cloth, at a cost of only four and twopence, that would be a deal better bargain than I shall get out of Moses. But no, it wouldn't do. The croupier's eyes are too sharp for that. I should be kicked down stairs and never allowed to come again; and that would be all I should get by it. But it's a pity—upon my life it's a pity!" and so saying, he sauntered on to the money-lender's.

"What is the time now?" asked the pedler of the lounger beside him.

"Just a quarter to twelve" was the answer. "You have exactly fifteen minutes to stay, and that is all. Halloa," he added under his breath, "here is a customer at last, I do believe."

As he replaced his watch, a man having the appearance of a decent mechanic, carrying a small bundle, stopped for a moment or two, eyeing with curiosity the contents of the pedler's tray. Then he took up one of the coins and turned it over.

"Well, it's a clever sham," he said, "and it will please my little boy. I've just got a penny left after paying for the tea and sugar, and I'll take one of these home to him."

He laid down his penny accordingly, received one of the coins, and went on his way. He could not put it inside his bundle very well, and he had a hole in his pocket, so he was obliged to keep it in his hand. As he passed on into Gracechurch Street, under the window of the large jeweller's shop a crowd which had gathered round a fallen horse, forced him into the doorway, and he took the opportunity of examining his purchase again.

"Well, it is uncommon like, that I must say," he exclaimed. "I haven't fingered too many of these, to be sure; but all I have seen are as like this as one pea is to another. There can't be any chance of its being a real one, I suppose, that would be too good a joke; and yet there is no harm in asking, and this chap will tell me what it is in a minute."

He stepped up to the jeweller's counter accordingly, and, laying his coin on it, inquired of the man "what that might be."

"That?" said the jeweller, taking it carelessly up and weighing it on his finger, "why, what should it be, my good man, but a sovereign?"

"A sovereign, a real sovereign!" exclaimed the other; "you don't mean it, to be sure. Just look again, sir, if you please, and make certain."

"There's no need to look again," said the shopman rather sharply; "I should know gold by this time when I see it. It's as good a sovereign as ever came from the Mint, and is quite new into the bargain. I'll give you twenty shillings for it, if you want to change it."

The journeyman stared once more in the jeweller's face, and then turning short round, he made for the door, elbowing his way without ceremony through the crowd outside, and paying no heed to the angry remonstrances addressed to him on all sides. Two or three minutes sufficed to clear his way through the crowd gathered in Gracechurch Street; and then turning down one of the narrow alleys which in those days intervened between the broad thoroughfare and the river, he hurried on with all the speed he could command. Presently he emerged near the entrance to the bridge, and, still fighting his way vigorously, reached the embrasure where he had left the dealer in sovereigns. Alas, he was gone, and his place was occupied by a vender of gingerbread nuts, who was commending his articles with an earnestness which far exceeded that of his predecessor.

"Where is the man who was selling the sovereigns?" exclaimed the journeyman breathlessly.

"Man with the sovereigns!" repeated the person addressed. "I don't know of any such. There was a chap here with a tray about five minutes ago, just as I come up, but he shut up business and walked off with his friend just as twelve o'clock struck."

Not improbably the reader has heard the explanation of this strange occurrence already—how two fashionable loungers at the West End had made a wager as to what would be the consequence if one hundred sovereigns were offered for sale, at one penny apiece, for an hour on London Bridge, during the most busy period of the day. The one party had contended that they would all be bought up the moment they were exposed to view, the other that the public would totally disregard them. The experiment was tried, and with the result which has been related: of the hundred sovereigns only one was sold, and that to a man who had no belief in the value of his purchase.

It may seem strange to us that men should have shown so little discernment. Yet what is it but the very same thing that is going on every day on the bridge which leads from this world to the next? The servant of his Lord stands by the wayside and offers to all the pure gold of everlasting life in his Master's name, and bids them buy it without money and without price. But they pass by it and heed it not, thinking that that which is so freely offered must needs be worthless. Few or none make purchase of it; and they only find out its true value when it comes to be tested by use. Here also the precious prize is offered only during the brief hour of human life. The angel witnesses stand by and mark the throng as it heedlessly passes by, and when the hour is ended the offer is withdrawn. Vain will it be then to strive and haste to redeem the past. There is no repentance in the grave.—*Sunday at Home.*

CHRISTINE'S SUPPER.—A TRUE STORY.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"You don't read the Bible as we do in my country," said our Swedish nurse. "You are all so busy, and you have so many other things. In Sweden we are poor and have so little; but we all have our Bibles, and we take so much comfort reading in them every morning and evening. I remember——"

"Oh, do tell us a story about your own home, Christine; the baby's asleep, there's a whole hour before dinner time, and it's too dark to do anything else. I love to hear about Sweden and its roaring pines and frozen waterfalls, and Odin and Thor and Loke."

"Hush, child, we don't speak of those things now; the old, bad days have passed away, the good God reigns in Sweden and his children do not talk about the idols. I can't tell you about those names you read of in your books, but I can tell you how faithful the dear Heavenly Father has been to me and mine and how well he has fulfilled the promise of his Book: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

"Tell us what you like, Christine, only let us have a story here (in the gloaming) by the light of the nursery fire."

"I was going to say I remembered sitting in my little cottage in Sweden one winter afternoon trying to read my Bible chapter by the fading light and to hush my baby, who wailed pitifully at the same time. I had been reading: 'I have been young and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread;' and I thought, my fathers were righteous if I am not, and yet I seem to be forsaken, and if there is ever any bread again for me and my little ones I must beg for it, for all the store of money and food which my husband had left me when he went away to look for work in the autumn, was gone, and I could get no work to do—for Swedish people do not have washing done in the winter time—and all the ladies for whom I might have done sewing had gone away to the city; besides my baby was ailing and fretful, as he might be, poor darling, when I had so little nourishment for him, and I could not have left him and my other little boy even for a day. It was only February now and my husband could not come back before April; it was two months since I had heard from him and a longer time than that since he had sent me anything, and I did not see what I and my children could do but starve. But I read on, as long as the gathering darkness would let me see, and the sweet words comforted me, though I scarcely acknowledged it to myself. I read: 'He hath said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and 'Trust in the Lord and verily thou shalt be fed,' and the words comforted me and I tried to trust, but I couldn't help the tears running down my cheeks, I was so faint, you know, for I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.

"Presently I felt a little soft touch on my hand, and my little boy's voice said: 'Mamma, what makes you cry?' 'I'm so hungry,' I said; 'and I haven't anything to cook for supper.' 'Oh, I'll cook your supper!' said the little fellow; 'there's potatoes over there!" and he went into a dark corner of the room and dug up from the loose earth of the floor three little potatoes that I had quite overlooked.

"'Now I am going to cook them,' said my boy, putting them on the stove, while I brightened up the fire—for I had plenty of brushwood which my husband had gathered—and swept up the room, for I don't think people need be untidy, no matter how poor they are.

"Then I sat down and sang my baby to sleep in front of the blaze, and felt thankful for the shelter and warmth while the north wind was howling among the pines, and the snow whirled along like spectres.

"Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and my boy, who was happy and interested in his cookery, started, looked frightened, and said something about a *troll*, for you know trolls are the wicked spirits with which foolish people frighten bad children in Sweden. But I bade him go to the door, and when he opened it, in rushed what looked more like a snow-drift than what it really was,—an old beggar woman with a monstrous bag on her back. We all knew the old woman, for she lived in that neighborhood, and supported herself by begging, making, some said, a very good thing of it.

'Let me in, Christine,' she said, 'I'm perishing with cold; your room is warm and cheery and your supper smells so nice.'

"'I have no supper,' I said, 'except three small potatoes that my boy there has found; but you shall have one if you are as hungry as we are; we have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. But we have fire and you are welcome to stay all night and enjoy that.

"So the old woman stretched herself out on the settle and stayed all night. She would not take the potato, and before she went away she opened her bag and took out bread and gave me more than eight pounds Swedish, I think. It was well baked and dry, and it lasted till the fearful cold spell was over and till I could get some work, and till the children's father came home with money enough to make us all comfortable. As soon as she was gone and it was light enough to see, I opened my Bible again and read: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord for . . . He hath filled the hungry with good things,' and I said, "I will bless the Lord at all times; they that seek Him shall not want any good thing.'

"But I should not think you would like to eat bread so old and stale," said one of us.

"Ah, yes, we always eat it that way in Sweden, it lasts longer, and my people are very poor. We haven't much, no handsome furniture, not many good clothes, no dainty food to eat and very little of what we do have. But we have our Bibles, and we love them better, I think, than you do in America."—*N. Y. Observer.*

THEATRE-GOING.

A very serious matter concerns the amusements of professing Christians. I see it publicly stated by men who call themselves Christians that it would be advisable for Christians to frequent the theatre, that the character of the drama might be raised. The suggestion is about as sensible as if we were bidden to pour a bottle of lavender water into the great sewer to improve its aroma. If the Church is to imitate the world in order to raise its tone, things have strangely altered since the day when our Lord said: "Come ye out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing." Is heaven to descend to the infernal lake to raise its tone? Such has been the moral condition of the theatre for many a year that it has become too bad for mending, and even if it were mended it would corrupt again. Pass by it with averted gaze; the house of the strange woman is there. It has not been my lot ever to enter a theatre during the performance of a play, but I have seen enough when I have come home from distant journeys at night while riding past the play-houses, to make me pray that our sons and daughters may never go within the doors. It must be a strange school for virtue which attracts the harlot and the debauchee. It is no place for a Christian, for it is best appreciated by the irreligious and worldly. If our church members fall into the habit of frequenting the theatre, we shall soon have them going much further in the direction of vice, and they will lose all relish for the ways of God. Theatre-going, if it become general among professing Christians, will soon prove the death of piety.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

I AM SORRY.

These words are easily spoken, teach your children to speak them. Teach them to say so, whenever they have done wrong, the habit is a good one. Here, for instance, a woman is knocked down in the street by careless driving, and two wheels of a waggon pass over her back. The waggon carries two women and a boy some ten or twelve years old. The woman is not seriously injured, but the nerves and muscles of her back are lame for a while, and then she walks again. But when she becomes an old lady, the weakened body gives out partially, and her physical powers become less. She says it would have been a comfort to her through all these years, if those women had stopped and said "Oh, I'm sorry! What can we do for you now to comfort you?" Instead of that they whipped up the horse, and were soon out of sight. So far as is known these women do not know but the person knocked down and run over was killed. It would seem as if they would have been more comfortable all these years if they had stopped and said, "I'm sorry."

Yes, teach your children first to feel sorry, and then to say so. The conscience should be educated, and feeling a wrong done to another person, and expressing sorrow for it, helps us to realize our sins and our wrong doings towards our Lord, and makes it easier to say so to Him. It is important to confess our faults one to another, and it is imperative that we humble ourselves before God, and become reconciled to Him through our Lord Jesus Christ. Our eternity depends upon this, and present time is all we are sure of for doing this great work. Do it now.—*Hans Dorcomb, in The Household.*

PRAYER.

I should like to say a few words to you, dear children, on the subject of prayer. What is prayer? A little girl was once asked this question, and her answer was, "Asking God for what you want." That is it exactly; simply asking your Heavenly Father for what you want, just as you would any earthly parent.

But there are four conditions which God says we must fulfil if we want our prayers answered. The first is in John xiv. 14: "If ye shall ask *anything* in *My Name* I will do it." That means that God our Father will give us anything we want *if* we ask in the name of his Son Jesus Christ; that is why we end all our prayers with the words "for Jesus Christ's sake."

The second is to be found in Matthew xxi. 22: "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive." When we pray we must believe that God will answer us, that He has already sent an answer, and not be surprised when it comes and say, "Oh, I did not expect this."

The third condition is, "If ye *abide in Me*, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John xv. 7).

We must belong to Christ, and be his alone.

Then, lastly, "If we ask anything *according to his will*, He heareth us." Everything we ask will be g[illegible] accordance with the mind and will of God. Do, then, let us be encouraged to ask for more than we have hitherto done. The Lord likes us to ask Him for what we want. He said once to his disciples, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My Name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." If your prayer is not at first answered, persevere. Go on praying. If it is offered *in the name* of Jesus, if you ask *believing* you will receive, if you *abide* in Him, and if you ask in accordance with his most holy will it *must* be answered.—*The Christian.*

A HOLY life is a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.

Question Corner.—No. 9.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where and by whom was an altar erected to the Unknown God?
2. Where did Paul find persons who worked at the same trade as himself, and who were the persons?
3. Where do we find the parable of the Ten Virgins?
4. Where did Christ turn the water into wine; and have we any record of a miracle performed by him previous to this?
5. What is the meaning of "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," and to whom were the words addressed?
6. Of whom was it said that from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7

1. Adonizedek, Josh. 10:1.
2. In Joel 3:3.
3. 2 Kings 12:9.

THE LOVELIER "NINE"—Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. (Gal. 5:22, 23.) Three Graces: Faith, Hope, Charity. (1 Chron. 13:13.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Mary E. Moore, Albert Jesse French, Cryntbia Bolton and Blackwood Graham.

(Continued from first page.)

him to find out what new move the Russians were making."

This was a time of fierce trouble in China. For various reasons the people of the province of Kwang-tung, in which is the city of Canton, were very much discontented and on the point of revolt against the government. A schoolmaster, named Hung, in a village near Canton, got the idea from somewhere, and persuaded many people around him, that he was sent of God to deliver them from their oppressors and reign himself on the Dragon Throne. In a short time he gathered a large army, marched north for about seven hundred miles, spreading ruin and desolation wherever he went, captured all the cities in his path leaving them in command of his chiefs or Wangs, and finally reached Nankin which soon fell before him; and here he set up his throne and proclaimed himself the Heavenly King, the Emperor of the Great Peace. Soon all the cities between here and the coast fell and Shanghai itself was threatened. The foreign merchants and traders in the city seeing that there was no help to be expected from the Chinese Government, and fearing for their lives, raised an army composed chiefly of the paid-off ship hands and idlers and vagabonds of all nationalities always to be found about Eastern ports. The command of this was given to two American adventurers, Ward and Burgevine. Ward was soon killed and Burgevine was dismissed for corrupt practices, and Li Hung Chang, the governor of the province applied to the British to send them a new leader, and Gordon, who was then engaged in surveying the country around Shang-hai was appointed. This was early in 1863.

He had undertaken a hard task. They had called themselves the Ever Victorious Army but had never deserved the name until Gordon took the command. Space forbids going into any details of the campaign, but city after city was soon captured and there remained only Soochow. But Gordon was almost discouraged. The Chinese authorities with little sense of honor continually broke faith with him, refused to pay his men regularly, and once actually fired upon them. He was disgusted and started to Shanghai to resign his command. When near the city however, he heard that Burgevine, the former commander of the Ever Victorious Army, had raised a well armed band of foreign rowdies, joined the rebels in Soochow, and was planning to win over his old followers. The aspect of affairs was graver than ever. For Gordon to abandon the cause now was to give the country over to misery and ruin for years to come. And yet he stood alone. He could not trust the Imperial Government and he could not trust his men. But he concluded to stand and see the end of the rebellion. Burgevine was doing his best to take Gordon's life and Gordon knew it, and yet when he heard that the rebels had suspected Burgevine and threatened him with death he wrote begging them to spare him.

Gordon himself worked harder than any one in the army and was always in the front of every battle. When a leading officer faltered he would take him quietly by the arm and lead him forward. He had so many hair-breadth escapes that his men came to believe that he led a charmed life and that where he was there was safety. He carried no arms; his only weapon was a little bamboo cane with which he pointed in directing the fight, and this the natives called "Gordon's magic wand of victory." Soochow fell, and with it the main part of the rebellion.

But side by side with his victory General Gordon experienced the greatest sorrow of the whole campaign. When the Wangs surrendered the city it was on condition that their lives would be spared and their city saved from plunder, but the next day as he went alone into the city expecting to find everything settled he found to his horror that Li had broken faith and that the five Wangs had been murdered and the city given up to plunder of the Imperial troops. In a fury he seized his revolver and started off in search of the treacherous governor, but Li was nowhere to be found. There is no doubt but that if Gordon had found him then he would have shot him on the spot. He never spoke of the murdered kings afterwards without tears. A little more fighting and Nankin fell; the rebels were conquered and China was saved.

The gratitude of the people was unbounded and they at once proceeded to heap upon him both riches and honor. But Gordon would none of them. Twice a fortune was offered him but he would accept nothing. After much persuasion he consented to accept the title of Mandarin of the yellow jacket, the highest Mandarin in the service of China, and with this Prince Kung presented him with a magnificent gold collar from his own neck which he could not refuse. He had spent all his pay in relieving the wants of the poor people around him, he had refused to accept any reward from the government for his services, and he returned to England in the end of 1864 as poor a man as when he left. An incident on the voyage home serves to show his character. A collection was being taken up for a poor widow on board. Looking in his pocket he found that he had only enough money to bring him home but he went down to his cabin and returned bringing, as his contribution, the gold collar. And many other gifts to him, medals etc. have since shared the same fate.

It would be easy to fill the whole paper with the story of this remarkable man but we must stop. The story of the next few years of his life among the blacks in the heart of Africa reads like a fairy tale, and we will try and give some account of it in another number.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.

May 11, 1884.] [1 Cor. 15: 50-58.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 55-58.

50. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God: neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

51. Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

52. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

54. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

55. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

56. The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

57. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Death is swallowed up in victory."—1 Cor. 15: 54.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Cor. 15: 50-58.....Victory over Death.
T. Matt. 28: 1-28.....The Resurrection of Christ.
W. John 11: 18-44.....The Resurrection and the Life."
Th. 1 Cor. 15: 20-34.....Christ the First-Fruits.
F. 1 Cor. 15: 35-49.....A Spiritual Body.
S. John 5: 19-29.....The Dead shall Hear His Voice.
S. Dan. 12: 1-13.....As the Stars For Ever."

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Great Change. 2. The Final Victory. 3. The Believer's Duty.

Time.—A.D. 57. Place.—Written from Ephesus.

INTRODUCTORY.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the dead was denied by some in the Corinthian church, and Paul in this magnificent chapter sought to correct their error. In discussing the subject he makes the following points: 1. Christ's resurrection was predicted in the Scriptures. 2. It was established by abundant testimony. 3. It had been preached by all the apostles. 4. Hence the dead must rise, for if the dead rise not then Christ is not raised. 5. Two objections are then considered—the first referring to the physical possibility of the resurrection, the second to the nature of the bodies to be raised. Our lesson to-day follows the answer to the second of these objections, the nature of the resurrection body.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 50. FLESH AND BLOOD—our bodies, subject as they are to decay and death. (Compare Heb. 2: 14.) INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD—as it is to exist after the resurrection. NEITHER DOTH CORRUPTION—the same truth in an abstract form. That which is subject to death cannot be immortal. V. 51. A MYSTERY—something that could not have been known unless revealed by God. WE—all believers. SLEEP—die. Matt. 27: 52; John 11: 11; Acts 7: 60. SHALL BE CHANGED—so that these corruptible bodies shall become immortal. Both the living and the dead shall be so changed as to be fitted for their immortal state. V. 52 IN A MOMENT—instantaneously. AT THE LAST TRUMP—on the last day. THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND—compare Matt. 24: 31; Isa. 27: 13; 1 Thess. 4: 16. THE DEAD SHALL BE RAISED—as described in vs 42, 43, incorruptible, glorious and powerful. WE—all who are alive. 1 Thess. 4: 15. V. 53. THIS CORRUPTIBLE—this body. PUT ON—as a garment. 2 Cor. 5: 2, 3.

II.—V. 54. THEN—at the resurrection, when our bodies are raised incorruptible. THAT IS WRITTEN—Isa. 25: 8. The victory over death will be complete and final. V. 55. Exulting words of triumph! Christ has conquered, death is disarmed, Hades is no more! Death is personified as a venomous serpent, and the apostle shouts the song of triumph as if he were already witnessing the resurrection and exulting in victory over death and the grave. V. 56. THE STING OF DEATH—that which makes death terrible. Take the sense of sin away and death is disarmed. THE STRENGTH OF SIN IS THE LAW—for without the law there would be no condemnation. V. 57. THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST—through whom the victory is obtained.

III.—V. 58. THEREFORE—because of the resurrection, because death does not end all nor keep his trophies for ever. STEADFAST—firm in mind and purpose. UNMOVABLE—undiscouraged by opposition or difficulty or fears. ALWAYS ABOUNDING—the Greek is even stronger: "always richly abounding," "super-abounding;" diligently doing God's will. YE KNOW—it is no uncertain thing, hanging on a "perhaps." NOT IN VAIN—as it would be if we were to die and not live again.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel by Jesus Christ.

2. That Christ by his own resurrection has secured a glorious resurrection for all who trust in him.

3. That there is no sting in a Christian's death, for there is no unforgiven sin there.

4. That the bodies of saints shall be rescued from the destroyer.

5. That our work for Christ will not be labor spent in vain.

LESSON VII.

May 18, 1884.] [Acts 19: 23-41—20: 1, 2.

THE UPROAR AT EPHESUS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 38-40.

23. And the same time there arose no small stir about that way.

24. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen;

25. Whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.

26. Moreover ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands.

27. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth.

28. And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

29. And the whole city was filled with confusion: and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theatre.

30. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not.

31. And certain of the chief of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre.

32. Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together.

33. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defence unto the people.

34. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians.

35. And when the town-clerk had appeased the people, he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter?

36. Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly.

37. For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of churches nor yet blasphemers of your goddess.

38. Wherefore if Demetrius, and the craftsmen which are with him, have a matter against any man, the law is open, and there are deputies: let them implead one another.

39. But if ye inquire any thing concerning other matters it shall be determined in a lawful assembly.

40. For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse.

41. And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly.

CH. 20: 1. And after the uproar was ceased, Paul called unto him the disciples, and embraced them, and departed for to go into Macedonia.

2. And when he had gone over those parts, and had given them much exhortation, he came into Greece.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"—Ps. 2: 1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 19: 23-20: 2.....The Uproar at Ephesus.
T. Ps. 2: 1-12.....Why do the Heathen Rage?"
W. Ps. 115: 1-18.....Trust Only in the Lord.
Th. Luke 12: 15-28.....Beware of Covetousness.
F. Acts 16: 16-25.....Hatred from Gains Lost.
S. Acts 20: 3-16.....From Corinth to Miletus.
S. Acts 20: 17 38.....Farewell to Ephesus.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Appeal of Demetrius. 2. The Excitement of the People. 3. The Quieting of the Uproar.

Time.—A.D. 57. Place.—Ephesus.

INTRODUCTORY.

The best introduction to this lesson will be a careful review of Lessons I and II, with which it stands in an immediate historic connection. It shows how great had been the influence of Paul's teaching and preaching during his three years' ministry in Ephesus, and on what interested motives the gospel was opposed.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 23. THAT WAY—the new religion which this Paul was propagating. V. 24 SHRINES—for Diana; perhaps models of her temple containing a little image of the goddess. NO SMALL GAIN—pilgrims bought them as memorials of their visit. V. 25. OUR WEALTH—he appeals first to their selfish interests, and then (vs. 26, 27) to their religious feelings. V. 27. TEMPLE—a magnificent building, one of the Seven Wonders of the world.

II.—V. 28. FULL OF WRATH—at the prospect of losing their gains. So now, when the truth interferes with wicked ways of making money, those engaged in such pursuits are enraged. V. 29. THE THEATRE—an unroofed enclosure with tiers of of stone seats rising one above the other, capable of accommodating it is said twenty-five thousand persons. GAIUS AND ARISTARCHUS—see ch. 20: 4; 27: 2; Rom. 16: 23; 1 Cor. 1: 14; 3 John 1. V. 30. SUFFERED HIM NOT—would not allow him uselessly to expose himself to such peril. V. 35 THE CHIEF OF ASIA—"Asiarchs;" officers chosen from the cities of Proconsular Asia to have charge of the games and festivals. V. 33 ALEXANDER—some think this was Alexander the coppersmith mentioned in 2 Tim. 4: 14. V. 34. WHEN THEY KNEW—the Gentile hatred of the Jews was roused, and they refused to hear him. WITH ONE VOICE—an act of worship as well as an expression of devotion to their goddess. 1 Kings 18: 26.

III.—V. 35. THE TOWN-CLERK—keeper of the public archives, an officer of great authority. WORSHIPPER—"temple-keeper." WHICH FELL DOWN—the statue of the Ephesian Diana, like some other heathen idols (the Palladium of Troy and the Venus of Paphos), was supposed to have fallen from the skies. V. 38. IF DEMETRIUS—if any law had been broken he should bring legal proceedings against Paul. V. 40. CALLED IN QUESTION—before the Roman government. Ch. 20: 1. DEPARTED—after Pentecost. 1. Cor. 16: 8. TO GO INTO MACEDONIA—see ch. 19: 21. V. 2. THESE PARTS—the entire region of Macedonia, including Philippi. INTO GREECE—to the city of Corinth.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That selfish interests sometimes lead men to oppose the gospel.

2. That what brings profit to the purse may bring loss to the soul.

3. That error is best opposed by teaching the truth.

4. That zeal for religion is sometimes a cloak for sin.

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